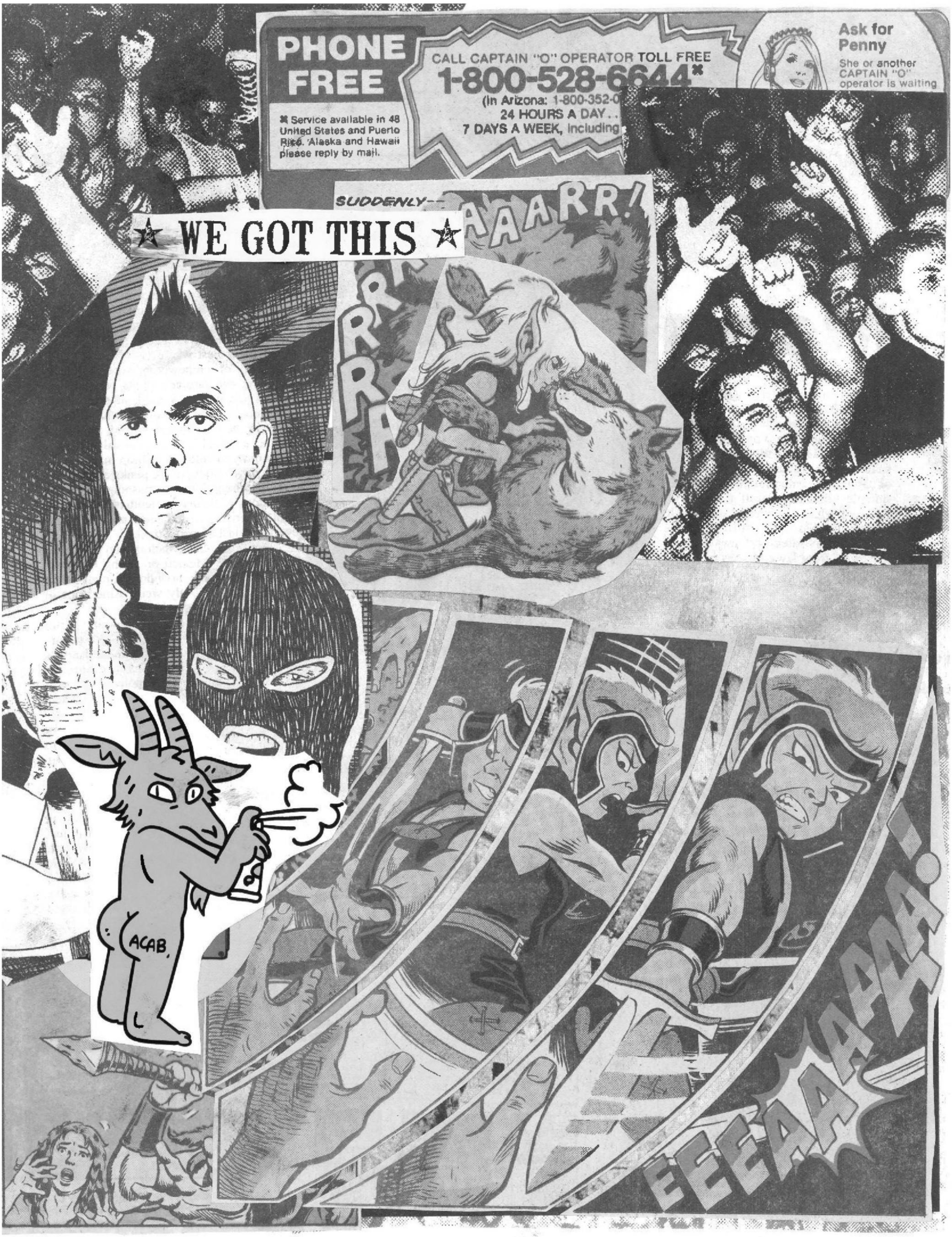
MUNTED


PHONE FREE
✖ Service available in 48 United States and Puerto Rico. Alaska and Hawaii please reply by mail.
CALL CAPTAIN "O" OPERATOR TOLL FREE
1-800-528-6644*
(In Arizona: 1-800-352-0
24 HOURS A DAY . .
7 DAYS A WEEK, including
Ask for Penny
She or another CAPTAIN "O" operator is waiting
★ WE GOT THIS ★
SUDDENLY--
AAARR!
RRRA
ACAB.
EEEAAAAAA!

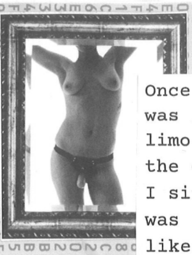
LIMO

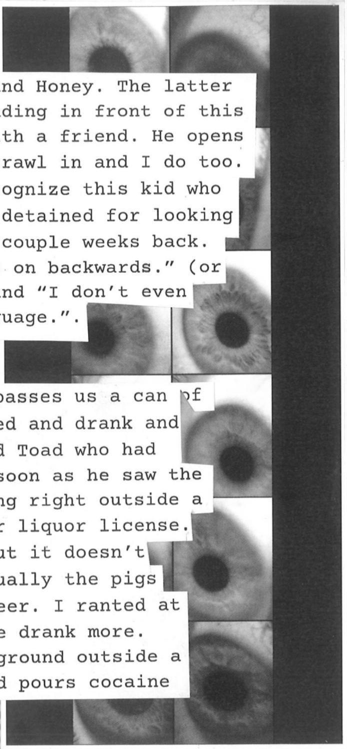
mmmm ahh ohh mmmm
hh ohh mmn
mmm
mmmmmmmmmmmm ahh ohhohh mmmm ahh uhh mm
mm ahh ahh ohh ah a
h

I woke up and smelled like shit. Showering? Forget it. I stink. I am the Mary Douglas dirt-matter out of place. I get things ready with the very intention of printing some cunt forms off at the HAIGHT STREET REFERRAL CENTER so I can apply for San Francisco's very own HEALTHY SF. But once I do it, I realize that I just don't feel like doing that today. The suns expanding, so I'll do it at my next ophthalmology appointment, before or after a 5 foot 3 bucktooth doctor scratches her initials onto my cornea with laser point precision. At this point I realize my truancy from this dickhead homeless youth internship, and hopefully I don't miss another hilarious visit to a tech Bedlam company courtesy of LARKIN STREET YOUTH SERVICES. I wanna sneak a peek at those people who are leading the capitalist joyride into the partial destruction of our people - our doom - and get free cans of Doctor Pepper while I'm at it.

After all this shitting about, I go to the Castro for UNDOCUWORKFORCE in which we do a feely-goody activity where we list things that we love about ourselves. Seeing as though I'm punk rock and very cool, the entire concept of 'self-worth' and 'self-love' is for nerds and pussys. I'm cool. I'm a rocker. If you don't fucking despise every corpuscle running through your blown out veins, then you're a pussy and I don't fuck with pussys! I write "tired", and we're asked to tell the rest of the group what are the qualities that we admire about the person sitting next to them. The girl next to me said I'm funny, and that you have to kind of listen to understand what I'm saying to catch the joke (probable autism) but when you do it's really funny. The rest of the time there was about 'healthy' and 'unhealthy relationships', but I missed most of it as I keep buzzing in and out.

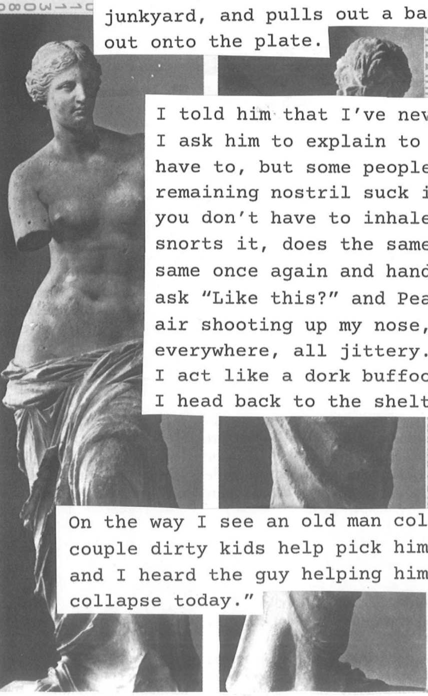
After this fucking excersise in intolerance is over, I headed out to catch the bus and encountered some of the same group in front of a Walgreens, which I go into with this one girly Keisha. The storekeeper follows around the entire store like a fly, and frequently stops us to offer help. When we get out and regroup, 3 of the others reveal their loot from shoplifting, which includes a frozen twix bar that is instantly placed in my weeping maw. Everyone else leaves and I take the MUNI to Slim's where I thought I could save $22 admission for the MOVIELIFE by miracling in, but no one gives me a fucken chance. I spent a couple hours bouncing up and down and extenuating the odoriferous stench coming from my decaying corporeal.



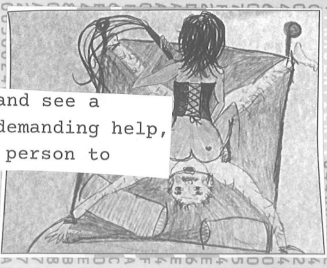


Once I get back to the Haight I see Drew, Toad, and Honey. The latter was just released from jail today. They were standing in front of this limo that Toad had just bought, splitting $500 with a friend. He opens the door, and all the dirty kids hanging around crawl in and I do too. I sit in the back with Honey, and immediately recognize this kid who was shooting me with Nerfs while Dilon was being detained for looking like a guy that burgled the Haight Whole Foods a couple weeks back. Honey keeps saying weird apocrypha like "My hairs on backwards." (or upside down), "I don't even know my last name." and "I don't even speak English, I speak an entirely different language.".

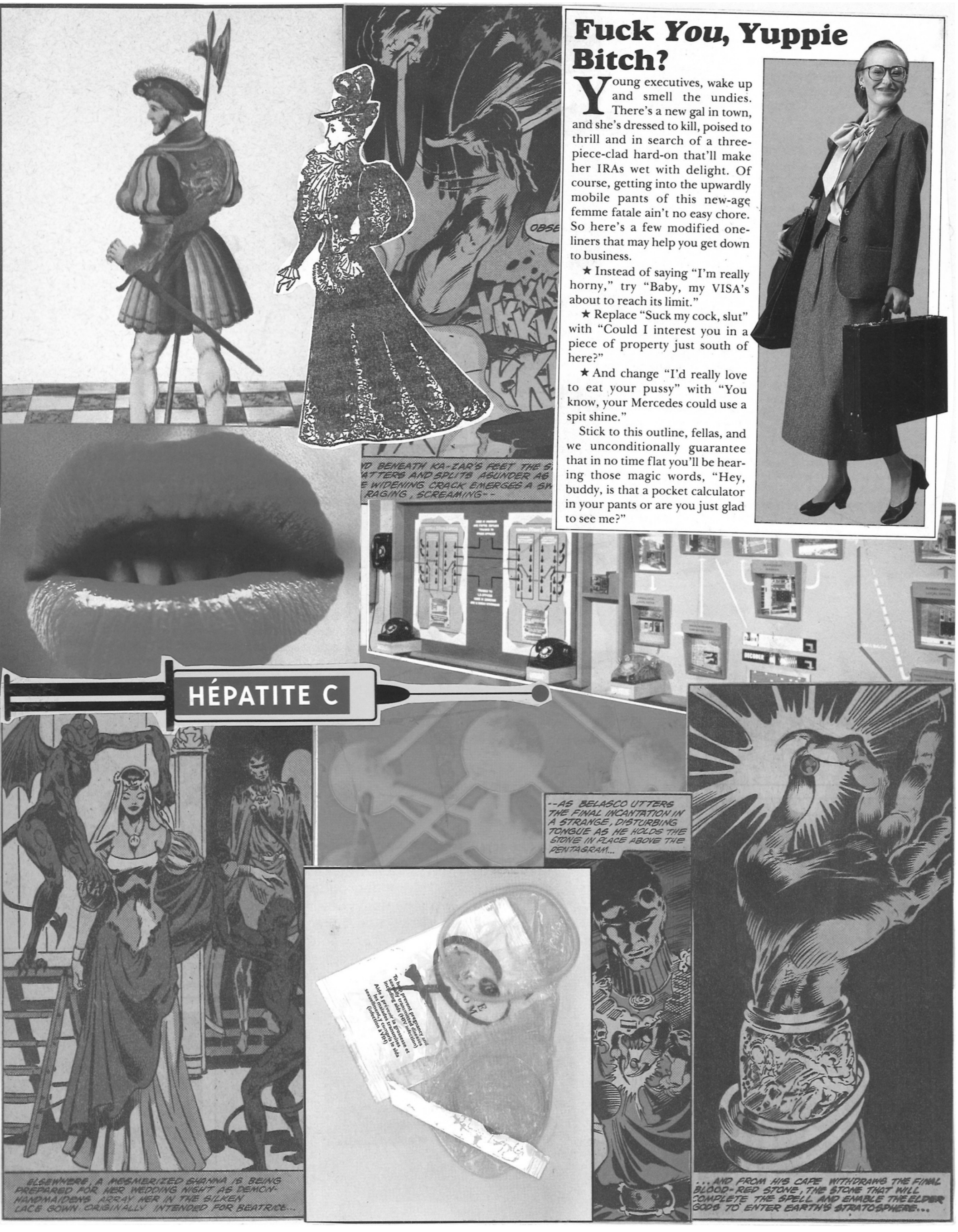
Peaches sits in the separation part of the limo and passes us a can of beer and proceeds to roll a Backwoods blunt. We smoked and drank and had fun, but suddenly the cops showed up and lectured Toad who had beer on the roof of the limo, and pulled it down as soon as he saw the cop car. They go on about how we shouldn't be drinking right outside a liquor store, and might cause the store to lose their liquor license. I imagine the cop keeling over and vomiting blood, but it doesn't happen as much as I harness will to zen it so. Eventually the pigs left, and we smoked another joint and finished the beer. I ranted at Peaches about music, and the limo got hotboxed and we drank more. Peaches props up this rolling plate he found on the ground outside a junkyard, and pulls out a baggie from his pocket, and pours cocaine out onto the plate.



I told him that I've never done coke before, and I'm so drunk and high I ask him to explain to me how to do it. He explained that you don't have to, but some people like to close one nostril, and with the remaining nostril suck in the drug. Just try to suck it up far, but you don't have to inhale super hard! He puts a bump on a key and snorts it, does the same for Honey who snorts it, and then does the same once again and hands it to me. I move my nostril over the end and ask "Like this?" and Peaches says "Aha" and I inhale. It felt like hot air shooting up my nose, or a sniff of warm water. I felt tingly everywhere, all jittery. Very tingly and energetic, focused a lot too. I act like a dork buffoon, and eventually everyone leaves the limo and I head back to the shelter.



On the way I see an old man collapse from drunkenness, and see a couple dirty kids help pick him up. He yelled at them, demanding help, and I heard the guy helping him say "This is the second person to collapse today."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KKK
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ATTERS AND SPLITS ASUNDER AS
E WIDENING CRACK EMERGES A SW
RAGING, SCREAMING--
HÉPATITE C
ELSEWHERE, A MESMERIZED SHANNA IS BEING PREPARED FOR HER WEDDING NIGHT AS DEMON-HANDMAIDENS ARRAY HER IN THE SILKEN LACE GOWN ORIGINALLY INTENDED FOR BEATRICE...
--AS BELASCO UTTERS THE FINAL INCANTATION IN A STRANGE, DISTURBING TONGUE AS HE HOLDS THE STONE IN PLACE ABOVE THE PENTAGRAM...
To help prevent pregnancy and sexually transmitted diseases including aids (HIV infection)
Aide à prévenir la grossesse et les malades transmises sexuellment, y compris le sida (infection à VIH)
...AND FROM HIS CAPE WITHDRAWS THE FINAL BLOOD-RED STONE, THE STONE THAT WILL COMPLETE THE SPELL AND ENABLE THE ELDER GODS TO ENTER EARTH'S STRATOSPHERE...

Fuck *You*, Yuppie Bitch?

Young executives, wake up and smell the undies. There's a new gal in town, and she's dressed to kill, poised to thrill and in search of a three-piece-clad hard-on that'll make her IRAs wet with delight. Of course, getting into the upwardly mobile pants of this new-age femme fatale ain't no easy chore. So here's a few modified one-liners that may help you get down to business.

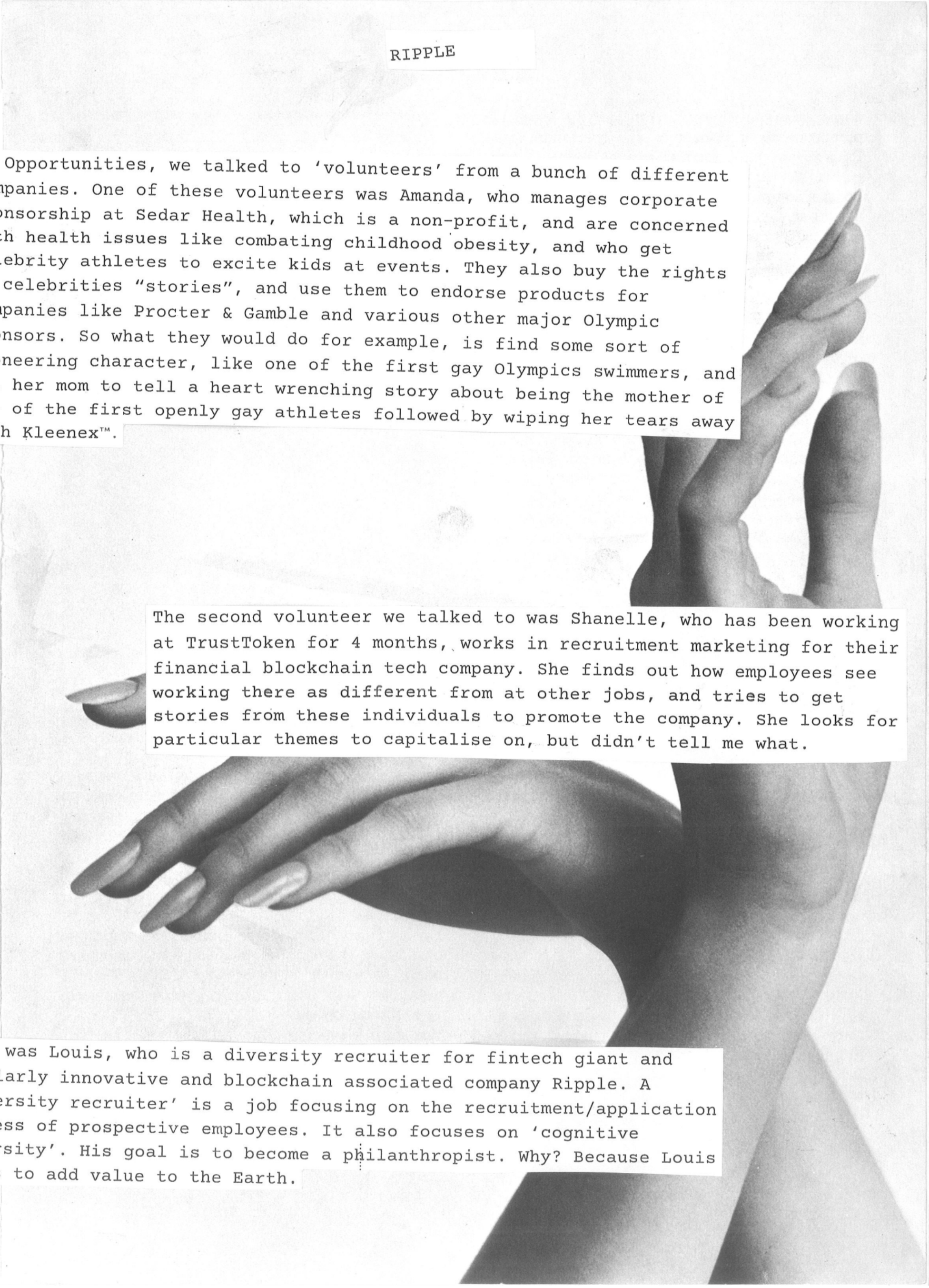
★ Instead of saying "I'm really horny," try "Baby, my VISA's about to reach its limit."

★ Replace "Suck my cock, slut" with "Could I interest you in a piece of property just south of here?"

★ And change "I'd really love to eat your pussy" with "You know, your Mercedes could use a spit shine."

Stick to this outline, fellas, and we unconditionally guarantee that in no time flat you'll be hearing those magic words, "Hey, buddy, is that a pocket calculator in your pants or are you just glad to see me?"

RIPPLE

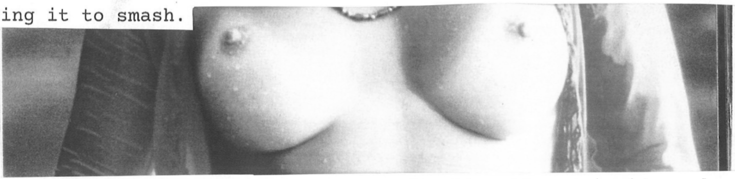


At Opportunities, we talked to 'volunteers' from a bunch of different companies. One of these volunteers was Amanda, who manages corporate sponsorship at Sedar Health, which is a non-profit, and are concerned with health issues like combating childhood obesity, and who get celebrity athletes to excite kids at events. They also buy the rights to celebrities "stories", and use them to endorse products for companies like Procter & Gamble and various other major Olympic sponsors. So what they would do for example, is find some sort of pioneering character, like one of the first gay Olympics swimmers, and get her mom to tell a heart wrenching story about being the mother of one of the first openly gay athletes followed by wiping her tears away with Kleenex™.

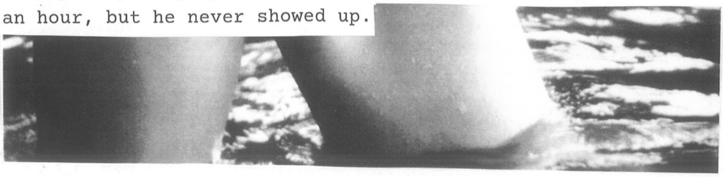
The second volunteer we talked to was Shanelle, who has been working at TrustToken for 4 months, works in recruitment marketing for their financial blockchain tech company. She finds out how employees see working there as different from at other jobs, and tries to get stories from these individuals to promote the company. She looks for particular themes to capitalise on, but didn't tell me what.

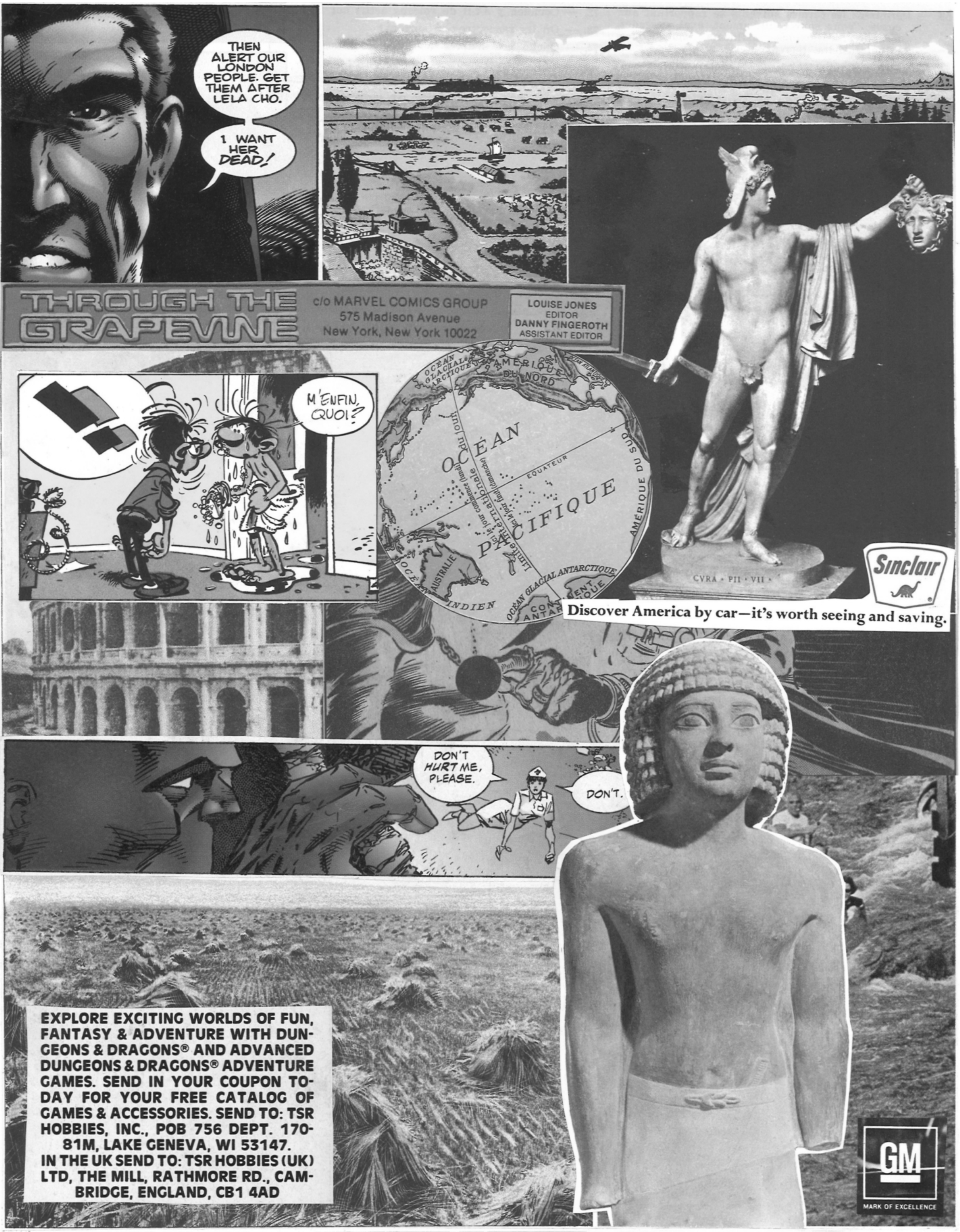
Last was Louis, who is a diversity recruiter for fintech giant and similarly innovative and blockchain associated company Ripple. A 'diversity recruiter' is a job focusing on the recruitment/application process of prospective employees. It also focuses on 'cognitive diversity'. His goal is to become a philanthropist. Why? Because Louis wants to add value to the Earth.

When I got back to the youth shelter I passed by the girl who I saw yesterday recording Bobby's sleep apnea snores (for Instagram) standing outside and handling black plastic bags. I didn't say anything to her as I walked by. Just as I got inside and stood in the security line to sign in, there was this loud bang followed by the noises of falling glass. The girl I passed by was next to the window that smashed, and staff thought it was her. I kept repeating to them that I saw nothing, and the staff checked the security cameras to see if what happened and if she broke the glass or not. For some reason they showed everyone there the security footage, which you could see the entrance from the outside, including the sidewalk all the way up to the Tesla dealership across the street. You could clearly see what happened was some angry drunk walking by threw a rock at the window, causing it to smash.



When the security check was over, I was finally allowed inside and Candy saw me walk in. She told me that the aforementioned girl was just kicked out. This is because Person A (the girl) came in and was given a write up for having a drink stored in her bed so she threw a fit about it and called her friend. The entire time she was saying that if anyone has a problem with it, they can catch her hands 2 blocks from here. After everyone was sick of it (5 minutes in) Candy cheered and clapped, and Person A told her to shut the fuck up. Candy said she was just saying what everyone else was muttering. Staff members told Candy to shut up. Person A started pacing around and saying everyone is in here because no-one loves them, and they aren't going anywhere else in life. Candy responded by saying that Person A is staying here too. Person A responds by calling Candy a tranny, and saying that she tattooed her eyes because no-one likes her. Person A says she'll get her boyfriend to shoot Candy, and as soon as she's 2 blocks away they'll jump her. She said her boyfriend was close by for half an hour, but he never showed up.




THEN ALERT OUR LONDON PEOPLE. GET THEM AFTER LELA CHO.
I WANT HER DEAD!
M'ENFIN, QUOI?!
OCÉAN GLACIAL ARCTIQUE
AMÉRIQUE DU NORD
OCÉAN PACIFIQUE
EQUATEUR
AMÉRIQUE DU SUD
AUSTRALIE
OCÉAN INDIEN
OCÉAN GLACIAL ANTARCTIQUE
CONTINENT ANTARCTIQUE
CVRA · PII · VII
Sinclair
Discover America by car—it's worth seeing and saving.
DON'T HURT ME, PLEASE.
DON'T.
GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP
575 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

LOUISE JONES
EDITOR
DANNY FINGEROTH
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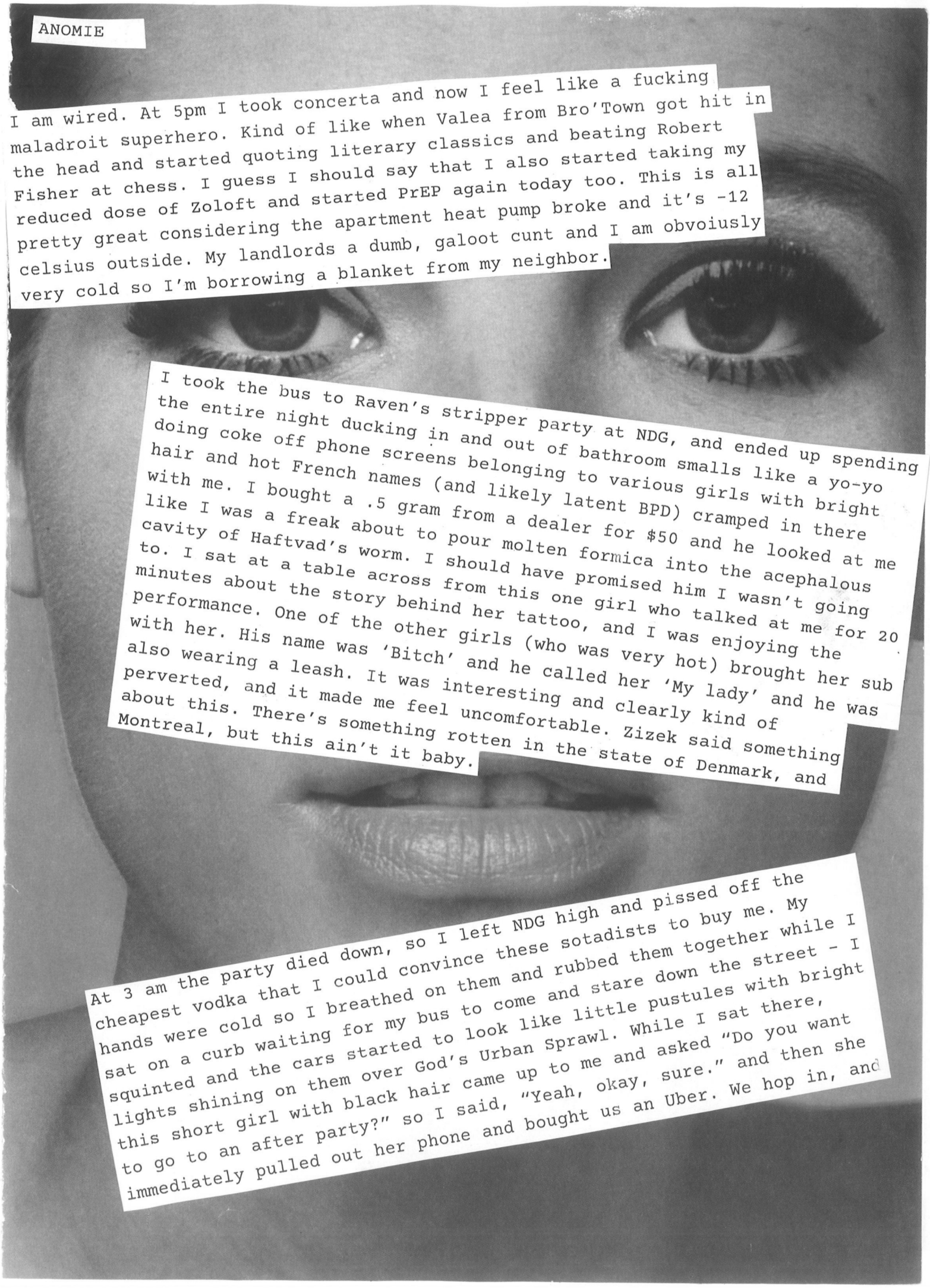
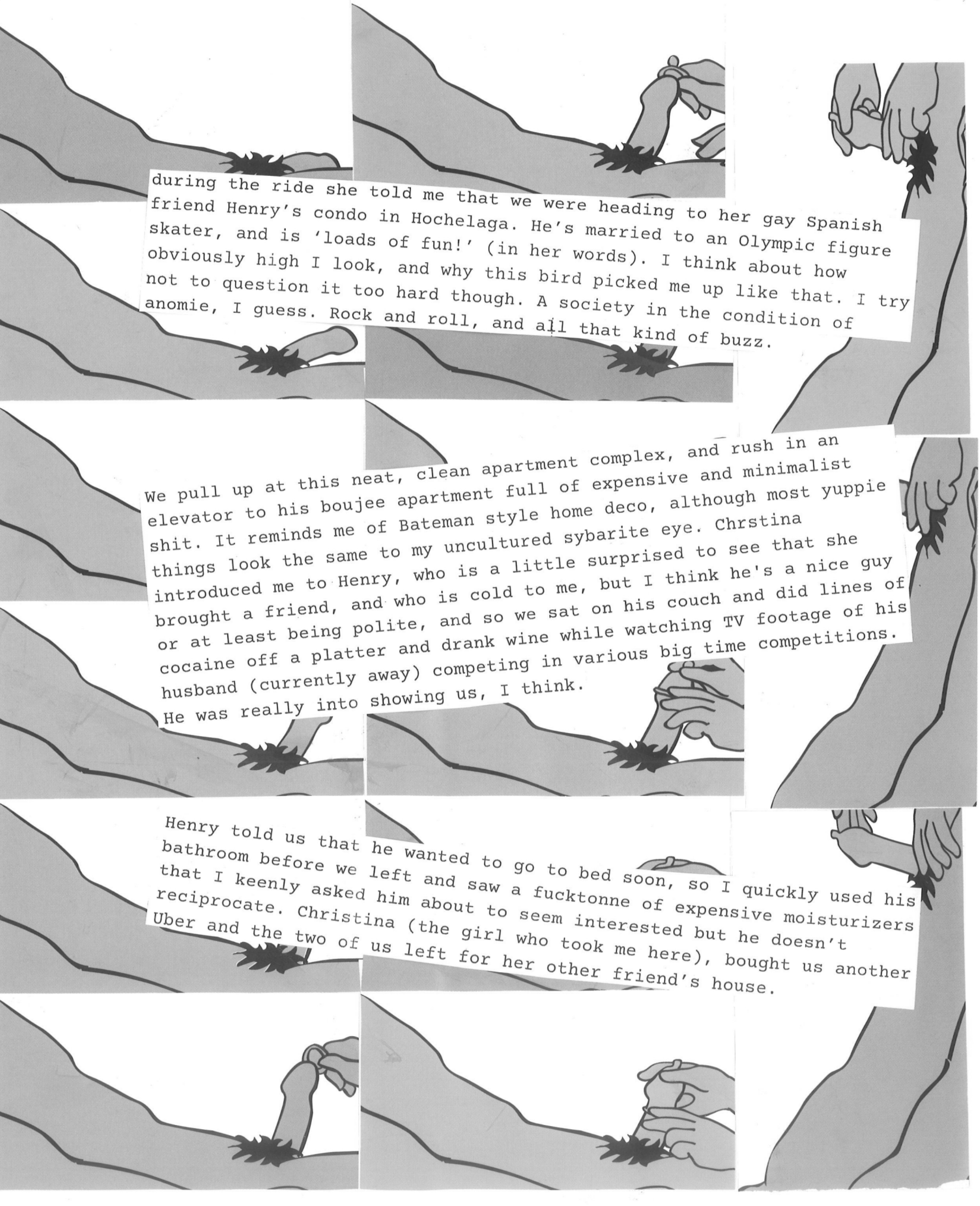
ANOMIE



I am wired. At 5pm I took concerta and now I feel like a fucking maladroit superhero. Kind of like when Valea from Bro’Town got hit in the head and started quoting literary classics and beating Robert Fisher at chess. I guess I should say that I also started taking my reduced dose of Zoloft and started PrEP again today too. This is all pretty great considering the apartment heat pump broke and it’s -12 celsius outside. My landlords a dumb, galoot cunt and I am obvoiusly very cold so I’m borrowing a blanket from my neighbor.

I took the bus to Raven’s stripper party at NDG, and ended up spending the entire night ducking in and out of bathroom smalls like a yo-yo doing coke off phone screens belonging to various girls with bright hair and hot French names (and likely latent BPD) cramped in there with me. I bought a .5 gram from a dealer for $50 and he looked at me like I was a freak about to pour molten formica into the acephalous cavity of Haftvad’s worm. I should have promised him I wasn’t going to. I sat at a table across from this one girl who talked at me for 20 minutes about the story behind her tattoo, and I was enjoying the performance. One of the other girls (who was very hot) brought her sub with her. His name was ‘Bitch’ and he called her ‘My lady’ and he was also wearing a leash. It was interesting and clearly kind of perverted, and it made me feel uncomfortable. Zizek said something about this. There’s something rotten in the state of Denmark, and Montreal, but this ain’t it baby.

At 3 am the party died down, so I left NDG high and pissed off the cheapest vodka that I could convince these sotadists to buy me. My hands were cold so I breathed on them and rubbed them together while I sat on a curb waiting for my bus to come and stare down the street - I squinted and the cars started to look like little pustules with bright lights shining on them over God’s Urban Sprawl. While I sat there, this short girl with black hair came up to me and asked “Do you want to go to an after party?” so I said, “Yeah, okay, sure.” and then she immediately pulled out her phone and bought us an Uber. We hop in, and



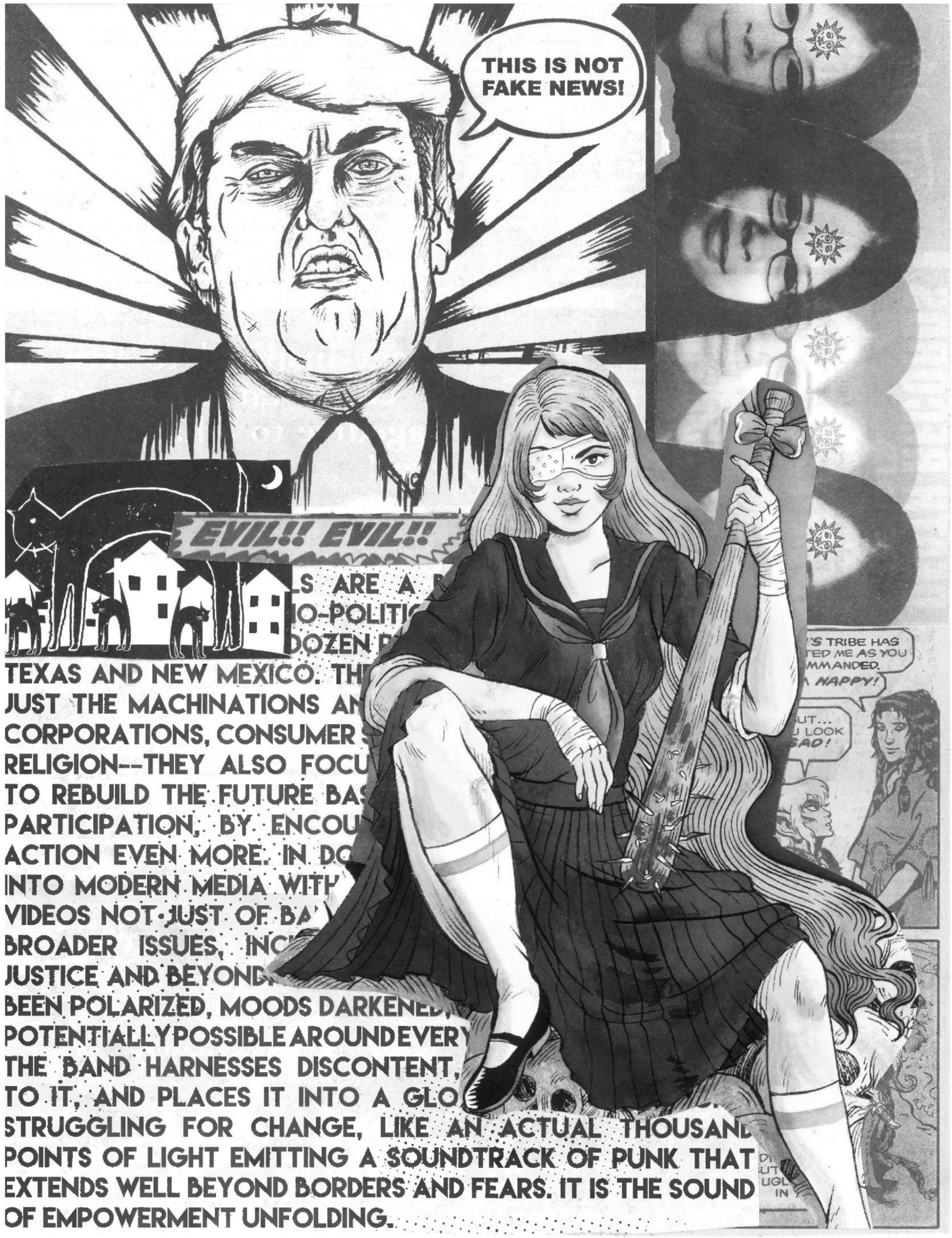
during the ride she told me that we were heading to her gay Spanish friend Henry’s condo in Hochelaga. He’s married to an Olympic figure skater, and is ‘loads of fun!’ (in her words). I think about how obviously high I look, and why this bird picked me up like that. I try not to question it too hard though. A society in the condition of anomie, I guess. Rock and roll, and all that kind of buzz.

We pull up at this neat, clean apartment complex, and rush in an elevator to his boujee apartment full of expensive and minimalist shit. It reminds me of Bateman style home deco, although most yuppie things look the same to my uncultured sybarite eye. Chrstina introduced me to Henry, who is a little surprised to see that she brought a friend, and who is cold to me, but I think he's a nice guy or at least being polite, and so we sat on his couch and did lines of cocaine off a platter and drank wine while watching TV footage of his husband (currently away) competing in various big time competitions. He was really into showing us, I think.

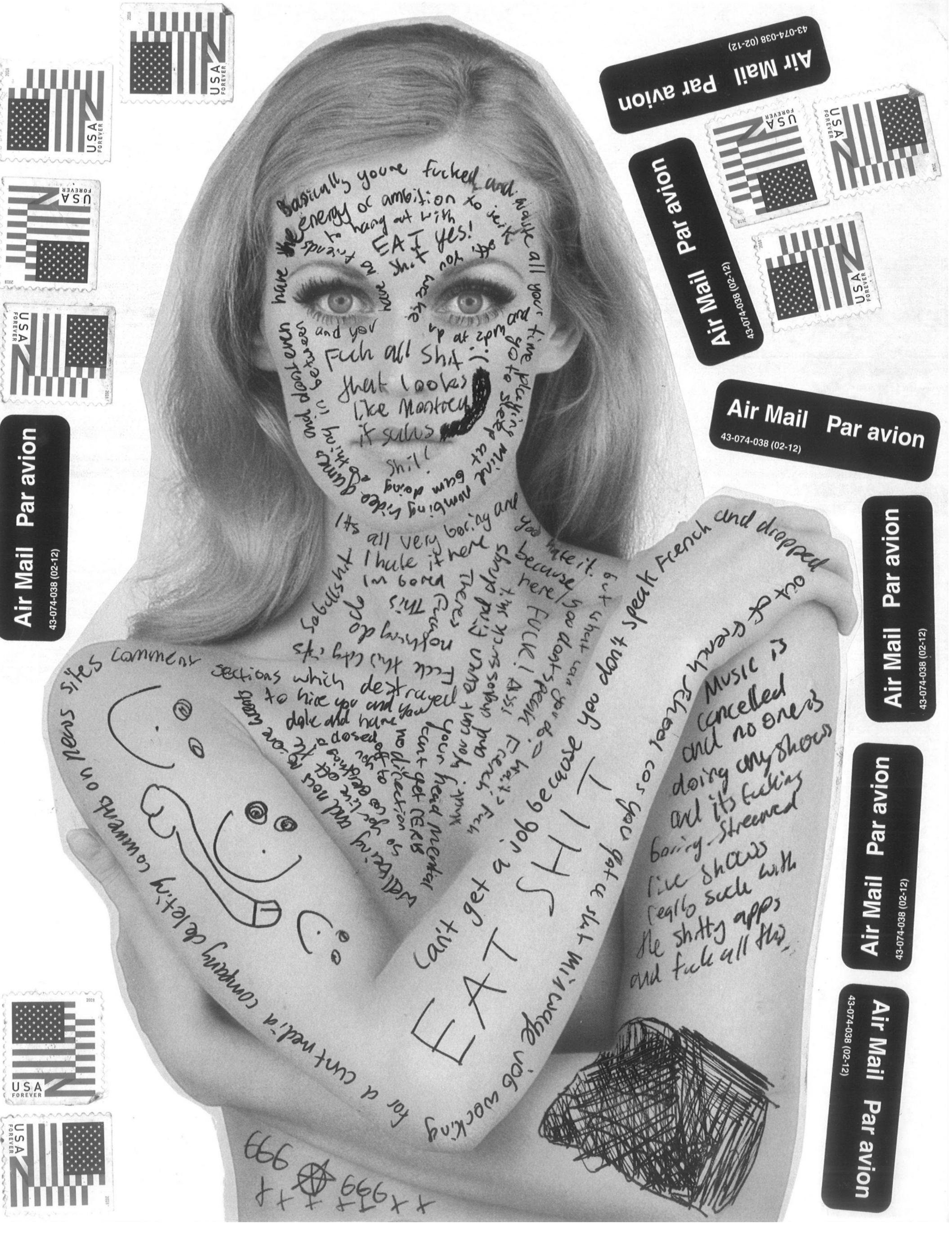
Henry told us that he wanted to go to bed soon, so I quickly used his bathroom before we left and saw a fucktonne of expensive moisturizers that I keenly asked him about to seem interested but he doesn’t reciprocate. Christina (the girl who took me here), bought us another Uber and the two of us left for her other friend’s house.

We’re both very yaked, and I guess the makeup I was wearing was pretty smudged and my thinning hairline didn’t do much to compliment the hair that hadn’t been shampooed in 3 years, because when this guy opens his front door for us he immediately says that I look like Joker. This guy really sucks. We walked in and it was this weird place full of antique furniture and accoutrements like cigarette cases and lighters from 1920. It was very strange. The dude was really shitty and belied being an intellectual on God’s Forsaken Land, and kept making fun of me. I wanted to say something clever and mean back but couldn’t think of anything. At one point he made a weird comment about Asian people cooking food that smells bad, and got super self conscious about seeming racist and wouldn’t shut up about the supposed discrepancy between an observation and a remark or some such shit. He also didn’t believe that I was a Jew, and said that I wasn’t being honest about something. It was very harsh and accusing.

At 8 am he kicks us out so Chrstina buys yet another Uber for us to get to her parents house, and apologizes for her bizarre dickhead friend. We arrived at her parents house, which was this big renovated Church on St Laurent, and while we’re walking in the former house of worship, gentrified, she tells me that she’s a ‘sexsomniac’ meaning she has sex in her sleep the same way as others sleepwalk, which I guess might have been her way of telling me she didn’t want to fuck. Or maybe she was trying to share, and I shouldn’t judge. Either way, I missed the point and wouldn’t stop asking her about it once she opened Pandora's Box. Clepatera once dissolved pearls in her drink in an attempt to swallow a fortune. I was done, so I gave her the rest of my cocaine baggie, and she rips it apart and licks offals from the corners of the plastic. I crashed in her bed with all my clothes on, and she kicked me out at 2pm.


THIS IS NOT FAKE NEWS!
EVIL!! EVIL!!
'S TRIBE HAS TED ME AS YOU MMANDED. A HAPPY!
UT... U LOOK SAD!
DI UT UGL IN

LS ARE A
IO-POLITI
DOZEN
TEXAS AND NEW MEXICO. TH
JUST THE MACHINATIONS AN
CORPORATIONS, CONSUMER
RELIGION--THEY ALSO FOCU
TO REBUILD THE FUTURE BAS
PARTICIPATION, BY ENCOU
ACTION EVEN MORE. IN DO
INTO MODERN MEDIA WITH
VIDEOS NOT JUST OF BA
BROADER ISSUES, INC
JUSTICE AND BEYOND
BEEN POLARIZED, MOODS DARKENED,
POTENTIALLY POSSIBLE AROUND EVERY
THE BAND HARNESSES DISCONTENT
TO IT, AND PLACES IT INTO A GLO
STRUGGLING FOR CHANGE, LIKE AN ACTUAL THOUSAND
POINTS OF LIGHT EMITTING A SOUNDTRACK OF PUNK THAT EXTENDS WELL BEYOND BORDERS AND FEARS. IT IS THE SOUND OF EMPOWERMENT UNFOLDING.

Basically youre fucked and waste all your time playing mind numbing video games and dont even have the energy or ambition to jerk
to hang out with friends or
EAT Shit yes!
you have woke up at 2pm and go to sleep at 6am doing
and you
in between
Fuck all Shit :(
that looks like Mantecy
it sucks
Shit!
Its all very boring and you hate it.
So bullshit I hate it here
Im bored
This
Theres nothing you can do
Fuck this city shit
you cant even find drugs
because here/you dont speak French
FUCK! Assis
and chaos suck shit
but what can you do
Whats fuck friends
think you head mental
cant get help
no direction
sites comment sections which destroyed
to hire you and you
dole and have a dosed
off to
So
wellbeing and now you live off the
wants
can't get a job because you don't speak French and dropped out of french school cos you got a shit minimum wage job working for a cunt media company deleting comments on news
EAT SHIT
Music is cancelled and no ones doing any shows and its fucking boring. Streamed live shows really suck with the shitty apps and fuck all this
666
666
Air Mail Par avion
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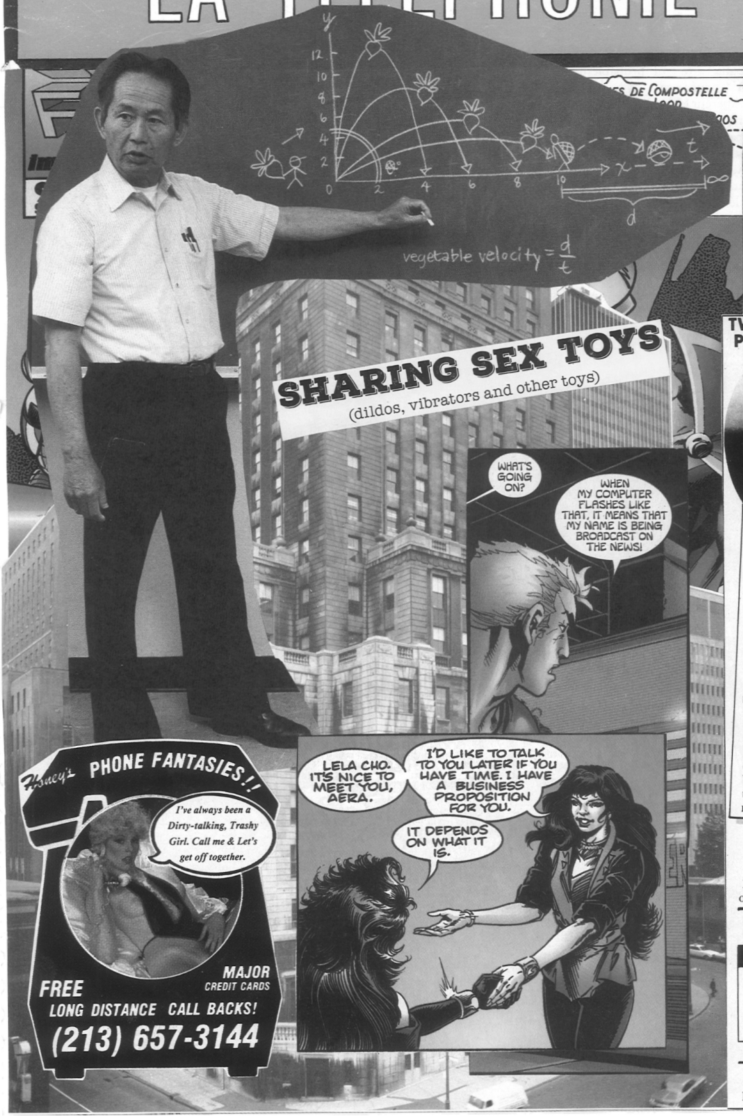
2018

LE PANORAMA DES PROGRÈS D LA TÉLÉPHONIE

COMMUNIST SEX SPIES

Better Red Than Dead in Bed

Chartres
St Benoit-s-Loire
Bourges
Vézelay
Autun
oitiers
Limoges
érigueux
Le Puy
Moissac
Toulouse
Arles
Les Saintes Maries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8
6
4
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0
2
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6
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d
vegetable velocity = d/t
WHAT'S GOING ON?
WHEN MY COMPUTER FLASHES LIKE THAT, IT MEANS THAT MY NAME IS BEING BROADCAST ON THE NEWS!
LELA CHO. IT'S NICE TO MEET YOU, AERA.
I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU LATER IF YOU HAVE TIME. I HAVE A BUSINESS PROPOSITION FOR YOU.
IT DEPENDS ON WHAT IT IS.

SHARING SEX TOYS

(dildos, vibrators and other toys)

Honey's PHONE FANTASIES!!

I've always been a Dirty-talking, Trashy Girl. Call me & Let's get off together.

FREE LONG DISTANCE CALL BACKS!

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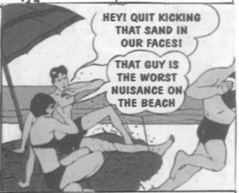
HEY! QUIT KICKING THAT SAND IN OUR FACES!
THAT GUY IS THE WORST NUISANCE ON THE BEACH

TWO DOCTORS DISCOVER A PRODUCT THAT PRODUCES

BIGGER HARDER & LONGER LASTING ERECTIONS!

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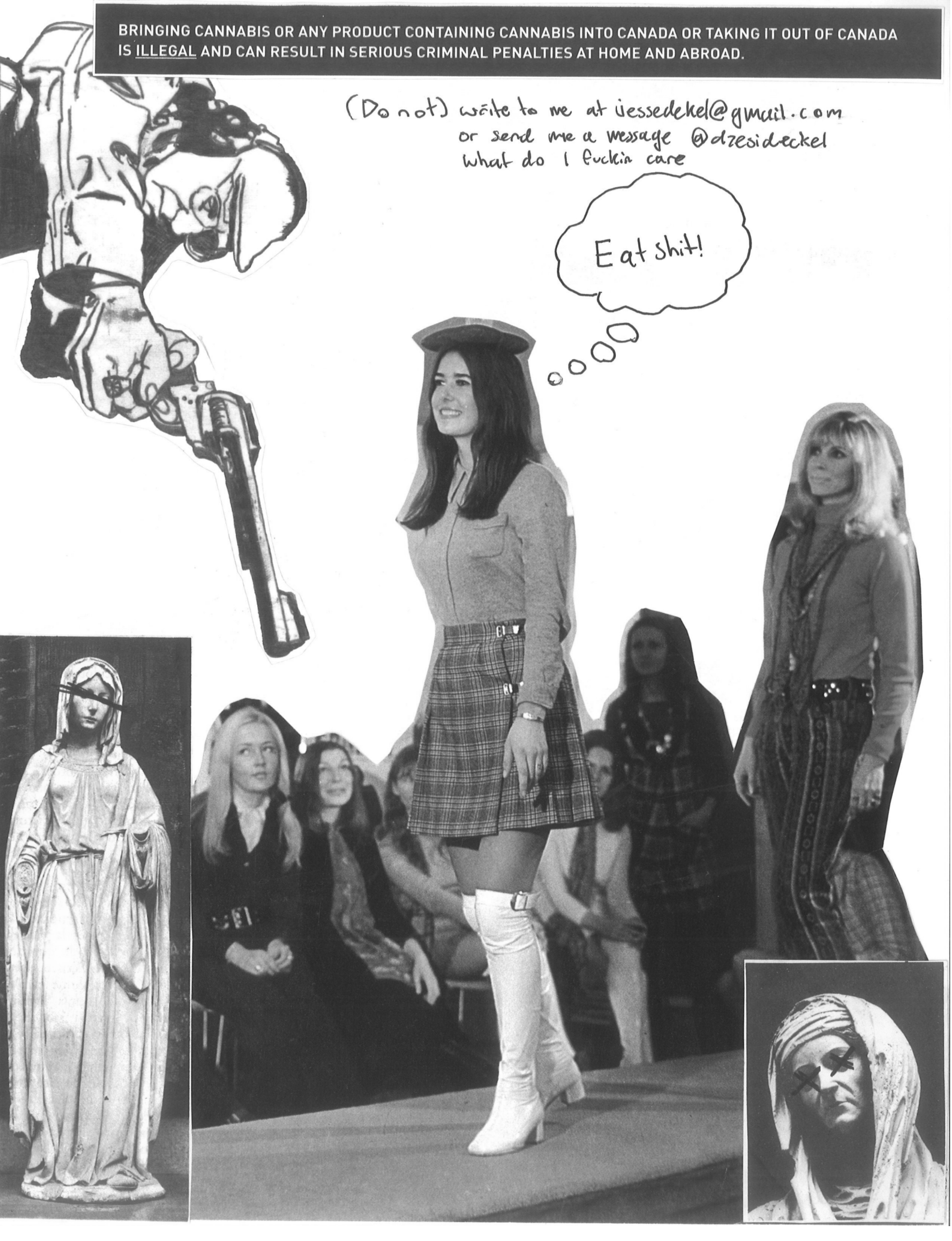
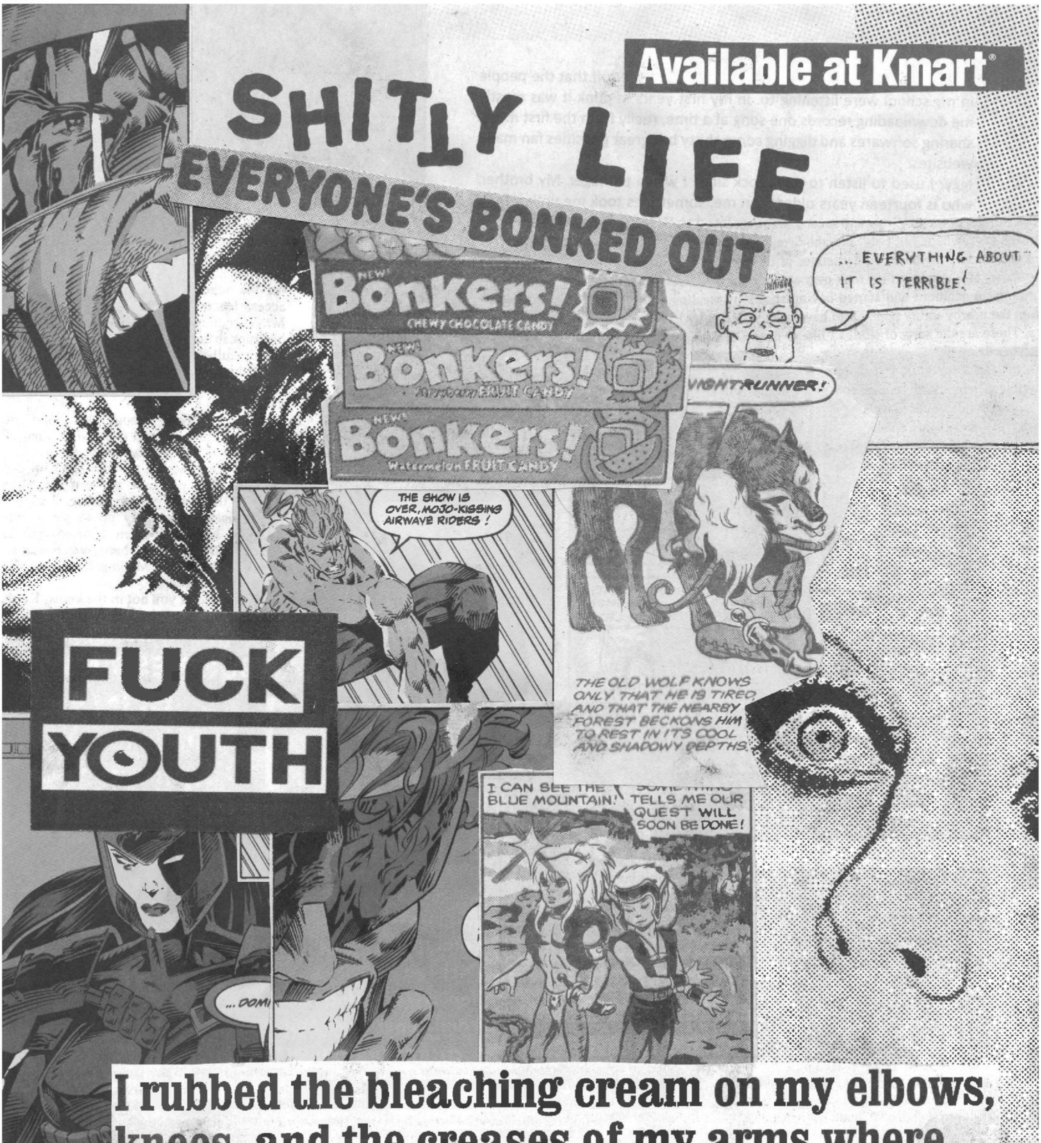
(Do not) write to me at jessedekel@gmail.com
or send me a message @dzesideckel
what do I fuckin care

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EVERYONE'S BONKED OUT
...EVERYTHING ABOUT IT IS TERRIBLE!
NEW! Bonkers! CHEWY CHOCOLATE CANDY
NEW! Bonkers! Strawberry FRUIT CANDY
NEW! Bonkers! Watermelon FRUIT CANDY
NIGHTRUNNER!
THE SHOW IS OVER, MOJO-KISSING AIRWAVE RIDERS!
THE OLD WOLF KNOWS ONLY THAT HE IS TIRED AND THAT THE NEARBY FOREST BECKONS HIM TO REST IN ITS COOL AND SHADOWY DEPTHS.
FUCK YOUTH
I CAN SEE THE BLUE MOUNTAIN!
SOMETHING TELLS ME OUR QUEST WILL SOON BE DONE!
...DOM
OKAY, NATE, I UNDERSTAND...AFTER EVERYTHING YOU JUST WENT THROUGH, HOW COULD I SAY NO?
I'M IN L.A. NOW. I'LL BE THERE IN A FEW HOURS.
--AND DON'T CALL ME CHIEF!

I rubbed the bleaching cream on my elbows, knees, and the creases of my arms where my grandma thought I was always dirty.